

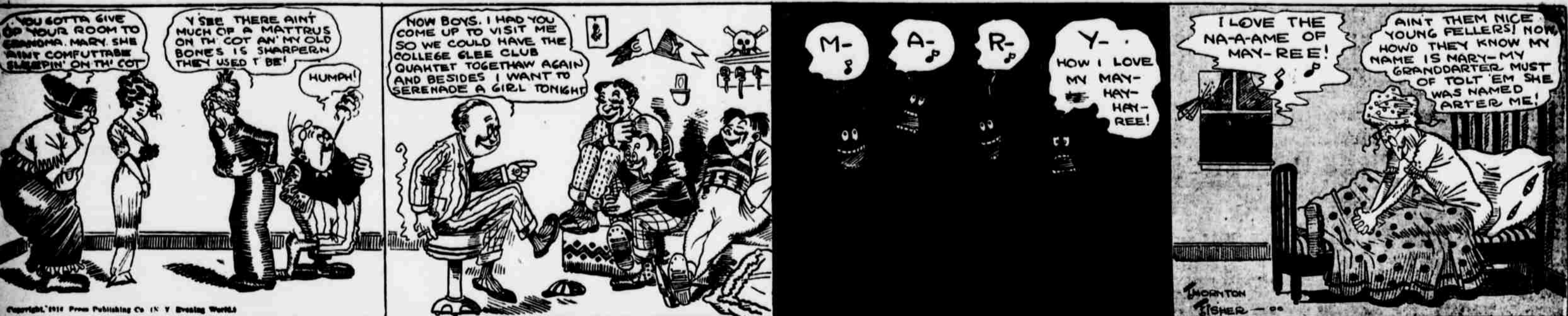
"SMATTER POP?"

By C. M. Payne



THE MARRYING OF MARY—Yes, Wasn't It Real Sweet of the Boys to Serenade GRANDMA!

By Thornton Fisher



FLOOEY and AXEL—Next Time Flooey Probably Will Explain by Wireless!

By Vic



The Story of "Cabiria"

Novelization of D'Annunzio's Spectacular
Photoplay Now at the Knickerbocker

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(The New York World.)

SUMMARY OF PREDICING CHAPTERS.
Cabiria, a little Sicilian girl, is the only one who is not a slave in Carthage. She is the daughter of a Carthaginian who has been captured by the Romans. She is the only one who is not a slave in Carthage. She is the daughter of a Carthaginian who has been captured by the Romans. She is the only one who is not a slave in Carthage. She is the daughter of a Carthaginian who has been captured by the Romans.

CHAPTER IV.

The Escape.

MASINISSA, King of Numidia, besieged Ciria. His vengeance was but half complete. He had captured and humbled Syphax, the rival who had won Sophonisba from him. But Sophonisba herself was still the wife of Syphax. Masinissa had Syphax led around the walls of Ciria in chains for all to see. They had stormed the city, seized it, and in the presence of his victorious troops married Sophonisba.

A day or two later the conqueror chanced to hear of the two men who had barricaded themselves in a cellar and who still resisted all efforts to overcome them. Such bravery touched the Numidian King. He released Maciste and Fulvius and sent them on their way to Ciria's camp.

Fulvius would not leave Ciria without an escort to find Cabiria. But Sophonisba told him the girl had died. And he went back, broken hearted, to his duty. As a matter of fact, Cabiria was alive. But she was in prison, awaiting Kartholo's return.

on his triumphal progress through the streets of the Eternal City.

Masinissa went to Scipio's camp to plead for permission to keep Sophonisba as his wife. Scipio, with true Roman disregard for anything that savored of sentiment, refused.

The proud Numidian King, who had never before stooped to ask a favor of any man, humbled himself almost in the dust before the conqueror.

He reminded Scipio of the services

he and his Numidians had rendered to Rome. He called to Scipio's memory the fact that it was he who had struck the death-blow to Syphax's power and thus had left Carthage helpless against the Roman invasion. He besought Sophonisba's life and freedom in reward for all this.

Scipio was deaf to the bridegroom's anguished plea. Then, in rage, Masinissa cast off all allegiance to Rome and defied Scipio to do his worst. Scipio did it. He had Masinissa seized and held prisoner in the Roman camp. Then he sent Fulvius to Ciria to arrest Sophonisba and to bring her back. It was a thankless mission. Yet Fulvius had no alternative but to obey.

As Fulvius was about to set out to Ciria he was intercepted by Masinissa, who found a chance to speak to him in secret. Masinissa begged Fulvius (in return for having released him and Maciste from the cellar at Ciria) to let him send a message to Sophonisba. Fulvius consented and placed Maciste at the captive Numidian's service.

Masinissa gave Maciste a bracelet whereon was engraved a warning that Sophonisba would understand. Outstripping his master, the Ethiopian giant arrived at Ciria and forced his way into the palace. There he delivered the bracelet to the Queen.

Sophonisba read the warning on it and she understood. Far too proud to live on as a slave and march behind her conqueror's chariot through the streets of Rome, she drank poison.

Fulvius arrived at the palace on his mission of arrest just as the beautiful and unhappy Queen was breathing her last.

But Sophonisba, grateful to Fulvius for the message that saved her the shame of slavery, rallied her ebbing forces for a moment. She sent for Cabiria. The girl was brought from

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her cell to the amazed joy of Fulvius, who had believed his little sweet-heart dead.

The dying Queen joined the lovers' hands then sank back dead. She was free. In death she had eluded the penalty that awaited all Rome's foes. She had, by her rash deed of self-murder, outwitted Rome's craftiest general.

The war was ended. Carthage lay humbled in the dust. Rome had no longer a rival on the face of the earth. Back to Italy sailed the mighty war fleet of Scipio Africanus.

And on the deck of one of the war galleys, in the dying sunset light, stood two figures outlined against the sunset. They were a man and a woman—Cabiria and Fulvius Axilla, clasped in each other's arms, their eyes fixed on the far-off and receding shores of Carthage, the city where they had suffered so bitterly and where they had at last found each other and love!

THE END.

Hickville Doings

From Our Hickville Correspondent
Hazen Conklin

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(The New York Evening World.)

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

EZRA HICKS, our village Creesus, says as how while Ezra Jr.'s first year in college might of learnt him a lot about Greek roots, which is a furrin kind of vegetable, it ain't learnt him no new wrinkles on stuff that kin be riz in this climate.

Miss Euphemie Hicks has writ a limerick for your valued correspondent to publish in this column of local intelligentsia. This is it:
To her husband a woman said: "Jack, I see that the bustle is back."
Then her husband, see he,
"Why, where else could it be?"
And the ducks in the yard cried,
"Quack! Quack!"

Miss Jennie Hillbush, assisted by her sister Rowena, is gettin her true-saw ready agin her comin marriage to Bud Halters. She got a style book from the city, but she says as how all the styles in it must be for what they call "comin out" gowns, for it shows the young ladies fairly poppin right out of 'em. She ain't decided yet who she's goin to have to give her away. Amos Crabb, our local sneerer, says as how Bud is the one to worry over who'll give him away, for Bud was kinda wild afore he stidded down.

Gideon Spriggs got the best of a pair of city chaps who was goin by his place in a automobile yesterday, order requestin a collection of some spik.

"HELP WANTED!"



Gid was putterin round the barnyard barefoot and the city chaps stopped and they sez: "Hello, Si; that's a purty durable pair of shoes you have on. Don't never have to patch 'em, do you?" And, quick as a wink, Gid, he sez back: "Nope, but I've got some extry mule shoes in the barn that you kin have when you're wear out." There don't no fresh city chaps catch Gid.

Town Clerk Hippolyte Harkness is fixin to start a bureau of information in our midst. Amos Crabb, our local sneerer, says as how if there's anythin goin on in our midst that there don't everybody in Hickville know about already the local gossips must all be away on a vacation.

Your valued correspondent got your

of Amos Crabb, our local sneerer's best sneers. Amos sneered four for us. He says he'll sneer some more some time when he's feelin good and sneery. Here's the ones he sneered for us right off the reel:
"The reason more people ain't got hoas sense is because they've got too much mule in 'em."
"There ain't no mere man kin make a woman change her mind, but if she's let alone she'll change it forty times a day of her own accord."

"Every farmer in Hickville kin tell you how the affairs of the nation ought to be handled when they're in Bemis Bros' back room, but git 'em home and see how they handle their corner of it!"
"When you hear a man all the time talkin about his affairs you kin make up your mind that his affairs are all

Good Stories
of the Day

His Happiest Moment.

A BACHELOR of considerable wealth was much sought after by many of the most charming young women of the town.

Minnie Rivers, a very pretty maiden, was sure she had brought him almost to the point of a proposal.

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" she asked, while they were taking a moonlight stroll one evening.

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the bachelor, with a reminiscent smile, "was when the Jeweller took back an engagement ring and gave me some cuff links in exchange."—Harper's Magazine.

She Fixed It.

A BRITISH general on his return from one of the innumerable "little wars" of his time brought with him a flag all tattered and torn and riddled with bullets, which he showed with pride to his family and household. Next morning this trophy was to be presented to the command-in-chief. When he came to look for the flag it was missing.

"Where is my flag?" he cried in consternation.

His housekeeper brought it to him with a smile of proud satisfaction. "I sat up all night and mended it, and now it is as good as new," she cried.—The Tailor.

A Good Excuse.

A HUNTER over in the mountains once had a dinner with a querulous old fellow who was complaining about hard times. "Why," said the Nimrod, "you ought to be able to make lots of money growing and shipping potatoes to market."

"Yes, I order," was the sullen reply. "You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed?" "Yes, I guess so." "Then why don't you go into the business?" "No use, stranger," said the old fellow, "the old woman is too poky to do the plowin' and plantin'."